## THE LAWYER'S VALENTINE.

MY JOHN G. BANK. Pse natified—fair neighbor mine— By one of our Profession, That this—the Term of Valentine—

to Cupid's Special Session. Permit me, therefore, to report

Myself, on this occasion,
Quite ready to proceed to Court,
And File my Declaration. Pre an attachment for you, took

A legal and a errorg one;

O, yield onto the Process, do;

Nor let it be a long one! No secowing ballist barks behinde He'd be a precious noddy, Whe, failing to Arrest the mind, Should go and Take the Body.

Fer though a form like yours might threw A sculpter in distraction;

Deculdn't serve a Copias - No-Pd soors so base as Action ! O, de not tell me of year youth,

And turn away demurely: For, though you're very young, ic iroth, You're not an infant, surely! The Case is everything to me;

My heart is love's own tissue; Den't plead a Diln'ory Piea; Let's have the General Issue! Or, since you've really no Defense,

Omitting all abourd protonce, Give Judgment by Confession? So shall you be my lawful wife;

Be Tenant of your bears for Life. With no Remainder over

THE LOST DEEDS;

AN OLD-FASHIONED LOVE STORY.

BY MRS, ANNA YOUNG.

CHAPTER L

THE OLD RUIS-A FEARFUL HISTORY. A traveller paused on the outskirts of a picture-que whage to survey its romantic surroundings, with the eye of an artist and the heart of a poet.

The little hamlet was nestled away in a sechided nook bemmed in by high hills, on which gleams of the inding sunset still lingered. Through the glen brawled a clear, rapid stream,

whose waters broke into foam over vast boulders of rock, which obstructed their course, until they reached a fall of about twenty feet in height; from the foot of this the rivulet moved on smoothly and quietly. Half a mile below the fall, scattered along the banks of the stream, lay the village; above it, was the spot which most attracted the artistic eye of the stranger. This was a Norman-French cottage, built of the stone found in abundance in the valley, but the rough walls were almost hidden by the ivy that had overgrown them through years of ne lect and decay. A tew acres of ground excetched away over a level space, which terminated abruptly at the foot of the overhanging cliffs, that formed a picturesque background for the lonely and ceserted home, over which wealth and taste had evidently once presided.

Fruit trees, grass and flowers, grew around the ruin in wanton profusion; and the tottering portico seemed only upheld by the tenacious fibres of the ivy, which clasped themselves around its pillars, and hung in large wreaths from its mouldering cornice.

The outhouses had been built of less substantial ma-

terials than the dwelling; and they had fallen utterly to decay, lying in gray masses upon the earth, half consenied by the high grass that grew around them.

The young man paused upon the edge of the stream. and gazed around in increasing wonder that a spot for which nature had done so much should be deserted by man. He removed his hat, and permitted the bland air of evening to wander through dark, silky curls, that shaded a high, smooth brow, on which twenty three summers had left no trace of care or sorrow. It was a bright hopeful fa.e, full of the joy of youth—the golden anticipations of a happy and prosperous future—yet in the flexible lips, in the deep eyes, was read a sensitive nature, which might be wrought even o madness by unmerited suffering. The lights and shadows is the picture before him, the gorgeous autumn livery of the forest trees, the silvery flow of the waters in the brock, filled the painter's soul with a sense of beauty which asked to be perpetuated. He took from his pocket pencil and paper, and made a rapid and masterly aketch, to be enlarged and colored when the means were at his command.

Suddenly a voice spoke immediately above him and was a bright hopeful face, full of the joy of youth-the

were at his command.

Suddenly a voice spoke immediately above him, and, with a strong masal accent, said:

"Sure, an you be making a pictur of the house by the Bloody Run, youngster!"

The artist looked around, and saw perched upon a gramment of a rock, sufficiently elevated to enable him to overlook his work, an old man, who seemed reduced to the last stages of receiver. duced to the last stages of poverty. His patched clothing, battered hat, and subdued expression, at

exce proclaimed him one of the unfortunates of earth-a human being failen into the dreariness of old age without fortune or friends.
"You are correct," replied the youth, "and I should like to know why so beautiful a spot is given

up to decay and desolation I'

"An' sure, sir, it's everybody that ought to know how that place came to be left to fall away to nothing. It's the wonder of the valley, an' every child in it can bell you that a curse rests on that old house. I'm a poor, beggar body, but it's the sky I'd rather trust to for a covering than shelter myself under that roof ever there." ever there."
"I am curious to hear the story; pray begin at case, and the history of the house shall win you your

Supper, olo man."
Thus stimulated, the beggar began a disjointed story,

which we prefer putting in our own words.

Many, many years before, an English gentleman sought a home in the United States; leaving the more populous portions of the country, he struck out in the West, and finally seatled in the village of Gienfall. He erected the cottage after a plan turnished to the architect by himself, and decorated it with paintings and other objects of art brought from his home in the Od Weste. Mr. Lennox was a man of gloomy and saturnin

bemper, and the three motherless lads who accom-panied him to his new home seemed to have inherited much of his own nature. They grew to reckless and wild maturity, often treating their father with extreme unkindness, which at times was bitterly resented—at ethers, passively borne. Scenes of wrath and vio-lence often occurred within the cottage, and the in-mates of Glenfall gradually came to look upon its in-habitants as outlaws against the peace and order of

At length the old man died, and the sons quarreled over the succession to the property he had left. The eldest claimed the chief portion by the law of primogeniture which prevails in his native land. The two your ger sons denied the equity of such a claim in a land of equal rights; the dispute grew so high that blows were exchanged; the frethren fought around the paternal hearth, till one stained it with his heart's blood; and, in place of being appalled at this cutsatrophe, the two survivors seemed only inflamed by it to a more deadly degree of rage against each other; they rushed into the open air and renewed the combat, the object of each one seeming to be to gain the edge of the blaff above which the cottage was built, and hurl his antagonist upon the rocks below.

In the struggle they gradually approached the brink; they grappled in a deadly embrace, and for many moments it seemed as if the two would fall together, and share a common do m in the waters below. Both were men of powerful frame, and violen, passions; neither would yield; and the terrible scene was drawing to a close, when the elder, by a sudden chort of herculean strength, dashed his brother from him with his right han i, and with his left grasped the body of a young tree that grew near the edge of the bluff. At length the old man died, and the sons quarreled

young tree that grew near the edge of the bluf The falling man shrieked as he went down: "The curse of kindred blood shall follow you What he would have further said was drowned amid the rushing waters; his head came in contact with the as ged surface of a rock, and he was instantly killed. Blood from the wounds on his body tinged the color

saged surface of a rock, and he was instantly killed. Blood from the wounds on his body tinged the color of the foam as it broke over the fall, and thus the tream had gained its ominons name.

The murderer did not pause to lament the result of is evil passions. He hastily gathered together the money and other valuables belonging to his father, and fled before any legal action could be taken against him. Pursuit proved unavailing. The mardered brethern Pursuit proved unavailing. The mardered brethren were buried in the same grave at the foot of the hills, and years of silent desolation broaded over the lonely source. The associations connected with it were so house. The associations connected which is well-sightful that no tenant was found willing to okupy a, though any one might have taken possession without

question, as no attempt had ever been made to sell the

property.

"A dreadful story, indeed," said the young artist, when he had extracted this much from the bungling narnaive of the beggar. "I no longer am surprised that the place was left to decay."

"But that's not all that can be told, Mister. Tacre's "But that's not all that can be first about the eld another story almost as bad as the first about the eld house. May be you'd like to hear that, too!"

"By all means; it is rare to have two horrors enacted in the same house. Let me hear all you can tell about it?"

"Well, twenty years after the serimmage that "Well, twenty years after the serimmage that ended so bad for the younger sons, a man of fifty, with hair as white as snow, and a face full of bad passions, hair as white as snow, and a face full of bad passions, hair as white as snow, and a face full of bad passions, hair as white as snow, and a face full of bad passions, hair as white as snow, and a face full of bad passions, hair as white as snow, and a face full of bad passions, hair as white as snow, and a face full of bad passions, and the had with him, that he called his darter. She was enly twelve years old, but she was as pretty as a pictur, an' had a mighty sweet way of takin' to people that come about her. The man called hisself Lindorf; an' what does he do but go polting about the old house there, and at least he went and had it cleaned out, and had some furniture fixings put in it. Well, in spite of all that could be said agin it, he went there to live."

"And the child! Was she willing to stay in a place with such ghastly associations connected with it?"

"Oh, she knowed nothing about it. The old man wanted it kept from her, and nobody would be so creel as to tell the young creetur about the murdered brothers when they found she had to live there. Well, old Lindorf went there sure enough, and he wa often seen walking around the yard, exactly in the track the brothers took in their death struggle. His face seemed to grow darker every day, and at last strange suspicions began to be whispered that he knew more about it than any one else."

"Did any ose act on those suspicions!"

"Just as some of the folks had made up their minds that romething was wrong, and the matter ought to be looked into, Lindorf was found one morning dead in his bed; some said remorse of conscience killed him, but most of the people about here thought he bed put an end to hisself, so you see the old ruin is doubly

in his bed; some said remores of conscience killed him, but most o' the people about here thought he had put an end to hisself, so you see the old rain is doubly

eursed."
"And what became of the young girl ?"
"She stayed in Glenfall until her brother, a college chap, was written to, and came for her—that is, she salled him brother—but they waen't a bit alike, and I den't believe she was any kin to him. The lad was dark, fiery looking, and mighty like old Lindorf; but the gal was fair as the snow-drops, and quiet in her

"And has no one heard from her since!"

"And has no one heard from her since!"

"Not for a long time. For a while, letters came to eld Miss Higgins, saying she was at school near her brother, and was well contented; but they came seldomer and seldomer, and now for four years they haven't had a word from her."

"How long since she left Glenfall!"
"Nigh about six years."

The painter mused a few moments, and then said:
"The sudden death of Mr. Linlorf was quite natural—men often die in a sit, and such an incident should not prevent any one from inhabiting that lovely spot. The retirement and beauty of the place are what I have long been seeking, and I am really tempted to dispute possession with the bats and owls."

The beggar peered at him with an expression of interse surprise on his withered face.

"An' its a daring man you'd be to stay there by yourself. It's the common belief that the place is given over to an evil demon, and that nobody came stay there without either dying their selves or being accused of bringing about the death of some one else."

The listener langhed.

The listener langhed. The listener langhed.

"I shall be certain to die when my time comes, whether I am in that ruin or in my own lodgings in town. As to the other I should never be ifraid of such an absurd charge being made against me. I really think I shall brave the goblins, for the view from the portico will make an enchanting picture. You see I am an artist, old man, and I can easily find accommodations for myself and my easel in that old ruin, in such delicious weather as we have at present."

old ruin, in such delicious weather as we have at present."

"Well, stranger, I jest think that if you do stay in Glenfall cottage, you will be mighty foot-hardy, that's all;" and the beggar arose and prepared to hobble away with the aid of a stick. The young man took out a silver coin, and offering it to him, said:

"I shall not try it to night, at all events. But what did you say was the name of the brethren!"

"Many thanks, sir, for the old man's supper, which this will pay for. Their name was Lennox, and may your fate never be like theirs."

"Not much danger of that," was the cheerful response, as he leaned against the trunk of an aged tree, and drank in all the beauty of the balmy evening, and the picturesque scene before him. On the western side a rift in the hills permitted gleams of the golden sunset to penetrate the valley and light up the little patch of desolation at their base. The house was crowned with a dome, and the glass which remained unbroken caught the ruddy glow and reflected it back in hues of fire.

At length the purple shadows of evening gathered

At length the purple shadows of evening gathered over the stene, and thinking deeply on the legend of the old place, the young artist walked slowly toward the village of Glenfall, in search of lodging for the

## CHAPTER II.

AN OPPORTUNITY REJECTED. The village of Glenfall consisted of a straggling colection of frame buildings, scattered along at the base of the hills, which completely girdled this retired nook. The most of the dwellings were surrounded by incloures filled with shrubs, grass and flowers. A wide common slope toward the stream, shaded by trees of a century's growth, which were scattered at intervals

along its margin. Near the centre of the village two immense oaks pread their gnarled branches over a large log house, whitewashed on the outside, and adorned with doors and shutters painted of a vivid green. Swinging from a convenient bough in front, was a grim and weatherbeaten portrait of Washington, which served as a sign to the public house to which it gave its name.

The Washington House, as it was ambitiously alled, was neither very extensive nor much given to intertaining guests. Occasionally a straggler came to his secluded spot, which no railroad had yet invaded, and the old couple who kept the house welcomed him most hospitably, as much for the news he brought with him from the outside world, as for the trifling sum he was charged for his board.

As he came with slow steps toward the village, the ngering twilight gave the young traveler an opportunity of observing all the details we have endeavored to set forth. Fresh from the heat and turmoil of the city, his soul was filled with the quiet charm of the scene and the sweet influences of the hour. His resolution was taken to remain a season in Glenfall, and if practicable, to become the tenant of the ruined cottage. He was singularly free from superstitious fears, and for everal reasons the very seclusion its evil reputation

would ensure was its greatest recommendation.

A venerable couple long past middle age, sat be eath the shadows of the trees, which served as a por ticol of the tavern. The stranger was a welcome sight to them, for many weeks had clapsed since a guest had sought the shelter of their roof; and this one was

had sought the shelter of their roof; and this one was
of such preposeesing appearance as promised some,
thing to interest and enliven them.

The young man had an active, well preportioned
figure, and a strongly marked though pleasing face.
His eyes were dark, fall and expressive, and the
massive brow rose like a dome above them. His
mouth was permitted to show its mobile expression,
though a small mustache carled above a finely curved
massive makely seemed example of quivering either upper lip, which seemed espable of quivering either with passion or with glee, as suited the mood of ite

owner.

His dress was simple, and suited to the pedestrian tour he was evidently making. A loose linen blonso belted to his waist showed benesth it a pair of serviceable pants and strong walking boots. A large slonehed hat of fine straw shaded his hair, which was of a pale nat of fine shaw shaded his hair, which was of a pale brown, and corled in short rangs round his temples. Altogether, the artist was a very attractive looking person, even in his dusty travelling costums, and this he knew very well, though he was by no means vain or inclined to self-conceit.

His arrival had already been heralded by the old begans who was made acceptance in the high respective productions.

His arrival had already been horalded by the old begger, who was snugly enseened in the kitchen, partaking of the supper the bounty of the stranger had enabled aim to order. Mr. Higgins put on his spectacles, that he neight take a satisfactory survey of the young man as he came toward them, and the old lady soon followed his example. The pleasing impression made on them was confirmed by the chearful, manly voice which greeted them:

"A good evening to you, my friends; and may you live to enjoy many that can soothe the heart and

A good evening to you by
live to enjoy many that can soothe the heart and
charm the eye as the does. Your little valley is really
as beautiful as a nook of Eden, and you, in your pa triarchal simplicity, seated beneath these magnificent trees, might be mistaken for the first man and woman, looking out serenely upon the world you had peopled and cultivated."

Many thanks to you, sir, but my old woman and me does not ever expect to be elevated to such a honored position as that. Adam was the first man from the hand of God; but the first man in our town isn't the old tavern-keeper, but the owner of the shing'e palace over yender, who doesn't do nothing for a living."

The stranger half smiled, and good humaredly said:
"I am sorry to find at the outset that my paradise

has the tains of envy smid all its loveliness. I was thinking as I came along, that the evil passions of our nature should find no place in such a spot as this, yet the story to which I betened at the falls above should

have proved the contrary to me.

"Ah, sir, where can a human go that he does not carry evil with him, as cur preacher says. Envyoh, no sir, I shan't plead guilty to no such me an thang. I don't envy John Withers; but somehow he is always interfering with me. As soon as I get an interesting boarder, who shall come along but Withers, with a pressing invitation to him to change his quarters to his house, and stay as long as he makes himself agreeable. The man breaks up my living, as one may say; though for the matter of that, my farm supports the Washington, and I may say that we take boarders more for company than profit. The old woman and me are lonerome, because we have no children to come to see us, and brighten us up, and we don't thank John Withers for interfering with us, and them that stops with us."

"A pestilent fellow this Withers must be," was the

"A pestilent fellow this Withers must be," was the smiling reply of the young man as he threw himself into a capacious seat and cast aside his hat; "but you need have no fears of him on my account, for I assure you I shall not take up my quarters with him."

"I'm glad to hear you say that" said the old woman; "but I really don't think that Mr. Withers has ever brought a jestilence here, young man, though he is meddlesome with our travellers. Glenfall is celebrated far and wide for its good health and fine air."

"A quibbling old pair," thought the youth. "How delightfully verdant they must be!" He then spoke aloud:

aloud:
"I am very hungry and thirsty, my friends; can I have milk and eggs served to me here under the trees, with such other food as is already prepared! As long as a pleam of light remains I wish to watch the shadows deepening over the hill sides and settling in the

ows deepening over the hill sides and settling in the valley."

"People that come here often have the same whim," remarked Mrs. Higgins. "You can have a table here with your supper in a few minutes. I will see after it myself, because I like your looks."

Mrs. Higgins bustled into the house, and soon returned, followed by a well-grown, red-armed girl, with hair cut short to her head, and her some what scanty garments of unimpeachable neatness. She brought a small table covered with a smowy napkin, on which a pulatable supper was soon spread. While he slowly enjoyed the repast, the stranger was conscious that his host and heatess were incessantly talking to him, though his mind took little note of what they were saying.

they were saying.

At length the broad questions were asked:

"What is your name, young man—and what may your occupation be when you are at homs!"

This arrowed him from his reverie, and he replied:

"My name is Harry Arden, and I am a dabbler in

"A painter, well that is lucky," said Mrs. Higgins

"A painter, well that is lucky," said Mrs. Higgins.
"I was jest wanting the winder shetters to our house
done over; the green aint nigh so pretty as it was. Ef
you stay with us long enough, Mr. Arden, you can get
the job, and pay your way at the same time."
Arden laughed.
"Excuse me, ma'am, but you make a slight mistake.
I am not a bonse-painter, but an artist; I shall have no
objection to take the portraits of yourself and Mr. Higgit s, us I saw you sitting here as I came toward your
house; but I could not undertake the other comwission."

"Oh, a figger painter; and that's all!" exclaimed "Oh, a figger painter; and that's an: exclaiment.

Mrs. Higgins, with an expression of disappointment.

I vally thing according to their use, Mr. Arden; and I don't see no sense in two ngly old people, bke my old man and me, gettin' our pieters painted. I'm sorry you can't undertake the shetters, because that would suit me to a notch. I've been after Higgins a long spell to have em done over, but he wouldn't send for a man from the next town. Don't you think, now, yu could manage it for me?"

"I am really sorry that I cannot accommodate you,

you could manage it for me?"

"I am really sorry that I cannot accommodate you, ma'am; but serionaly I cannot consent to do what is so entirely out of my line."

"Phoo' young man; anybody that can paint a man, can paint a plain piece of plank of a solid color," here remarked Mr. Higgins, "but I know the difference between you pieter-painters and the others. You'd better let him alone, old woman, or he'll get allronted and go to Wither's at once. As I live, there he comes now, to see who we've got here. Remember your promise, Mr. Arden, and don't be coaxed away from us. Withers has a daughter, too, and she likes handsome beaux to flirt with, sure. Better keep away from Miss Dore."

"Do not be uneasy as to my allegione to the Mr.

Dorn."
"Do not be uneasy as to my allegiance to the Washington," said Arden, laughing. "I am predetermined not to find Mr. Withers irresistible, even if he has a pretty daughter as an ally."

## ANOTHER STRANGE OUTRAGE AT THE RUIN.

The person who now approached was a short, thick set man, with sandy hair and whiskers, and a cunning expression of face. His dress was of fine material, nd arranged with some pretension to elegance, though t was rather of a flashy order. He wore his hat set isuntily on the side of his head, and carried his thumbs stuck in the arm holes of his vest, as he drew near with a strut and swagger, which proclaimed his ideas of his own consequence.

A tall, staring mansion, with a portico in front, sup ported by massive pillars, stood on the corner opposite he tavern, the trees had been removed from that spot lone, to display the handsome front of the new edifice. It was of a composite order of architecture impossible to describe, and most incongruous in effect. From the window of his own sanctum, Mr. Withers had observed the entrance of a stranger in the quiet village, and at once came forth to ascertain as much concerning him as might be gathered. That he was concerning him as might be gathered. That he was young, handsome, and refined in appearance, he saw, and if his manners corresponded with his outward hearing, he intended again to deprive the tavern-keeper of his gnest; for Mr. Withers felt the duliness of the quiet little town in which he lived, and was glad to extend his hospitality to any presentable person whose society could relieve the monotony of his daily life.

As the village great man grew near, he removed his

hat, and courteously inclined his head to the new comer, while he said what was meant for an aside:

"A new arrival, ch Higgins? Came over on purpose to make his acquaintance. Nice looking young fellow; found out his name by this time I dare say? Introduce me."

Higgins deliberately removed his pipe from his lips,

Mr. Arden, this is John Withers, as I told you when I seen him coming over here. He aint much to introduce you to, but he wants to know you, that he may kee me out of the few dollars you might pay me, by taking you over to his house, and having all your pleasant talk to hisself and his lovely darter, Miss

pleasant talk to hisself and his lovely darter, Miss Dora."

'Resily, really, Higgins, this is worse than ever," said Mr. Withers, growing very red in the face. "The fact is, Mr. Arden, I love society of a kind not often found in a small town like this, and when respectable looking people come into the place, I sometimes take them into my poor house, and endeavor to entertain them as well as I can. My good friend here does not the this, in the I interfere with his business, though like this; he thuks I interfere with his business, though really nothing is further from my intention than to do

Stop it, then, and don't keep doing a thing forever, and yet say you have no intention of doing it. That's a flat contradiction I am not smart enough to recoacile. As to this young man, you won't take him away, for when I told him you would come after him, he promised

to stay here—so there now."

His defiant tone proved too much for Mr. Withers' politeness; with much heat he asked:

"Bas the old heathen really extracted such a pro-

"Has the old heathen really extracted such a promise from you, sir?"

"No more a heathen than yourself, John Withers," exclaimed Mis. Higgins. "My old man is a better Christian than you are any day. Keep your names to yourself, and den't forget when you come to the Washington, that if you and Miss Dora is the gentral people of Glenfall, we come foremost among the researchable ones."

spectable ones."

These words were so volubly uttered that Mr. Withers seemed slight y bewildered, and Arden took advantage of the brief pause to say—

"I beg that there may be no misunderstanding on

"I beg that there may be no misunderstanding on my account, as it is not my intention to remain with either of you. Mr. Higgins misunderstood my pledge not to accept an invitation from you, Mr. Withers, if you should prove so kind as to tender me one; it involved no promise to remain after to-night at the Washington. I am an artist by profession, and I have already selected a locality in the neighborhood, from which to sketch the surrounding scenery to advantage. As soon as possible I shall make arrangements to take possession of it." ossession of it."

Both his listeners looked disappointed. Withers

Both his listeners looked disapposition of the process of the highest in the village, and from the upper windows the view looks over the whole village."

"Many thanks for your kindness, but as I came down the glen I saw a deserted cottage, overrun with ivy, which will afford me shelter. If possible, I will take up my residence there for a few weeks, until I can make some studies from neighboring spots to combine hereafter in a picture." an make some studies from neighboring spots to com-me bereafter in a picture."

As Arden uttered this explanation, the face of With-

s underwent many singular changes. He lost much his florid color, and then flushed to a deeper purple than ever, as he nervously said:
"You are probably not aware, young man, that a curse rests upon that dreary spot. Its hearthstone was

once reddened with fratricidal blood, and for many years the house has had the reputation of being haunted. Strange stories are told about fitting lights being seen through the windows on dark nights, and will cries have been heard that seem wrung from one in

cries have been heard that seem wrung from one in mortal extremity."

"I chanced to meet an old beggar as I came hither, and he related to me the tragic story connected with the place. To speak the trath, his narrative only stimulated my desire to gain possession of the ruin. The death struggle he graphically described would make a most effective picture, and if I stay upon the spot, I may chance to gain inspiration from the locality, which will enable me to do it justice."

"Yen would be a during man to attempt such a

may chance to gain inspiration from the locality, which will enable me to do it justice."

"You would be a daining man to attempt such a thing, sir; a most daring man, for the place is surely under a ban. Every attempt that has been made to inhabit it, since the deadly affray of the brothers, has led to some evil to the person who made it. You had better give up the idea, Mr. Arden, and come to my house, where I can give you more congenial employment in painting a portrait of my daughter."

Mr. Withers spoke very earnestly, but Arden's determination was not influenced by his evident desire to prevent him from putting his scheme into execution. He said—

He said—
"I thank you—I will not refuse the employment you offer; but that will not interfere with my plan. I must adhere to it unless I can see better cause for abandoning it than has yet been given. I am not at all superstitions, and what has been related to me concerning the cottage rather stimulates my curiosity and increases my desire to gain possession of it. I have heard of places being haunted by the living for purposes of their own."

own."
"In that case, you might run a greater risk than it ghosts and goblins actually beset it," said Withers, with much earnestness. "Are you aware of the las incident that occurred at Glenfall cottage, Mr. Arden!"
"The death of Mr. Lindorf? Yes, Sir; the beggar

"The death of Mr. Lindorf? Yes, Sir; he beggar related that; but there was nothing very unusual in such an occurrence. Men often retire in apparen health, and are found dead the next morulag."

"But that is not yet the last. Old Jerry has been away from this neighborhood for the last year, and in that time a new outrage has added to the just horror in which the old ruin is held. It is my belief that if any spot of ground has been given over to the Evil One to work his will in, it is that old Lennox place. But to the story. About four months since, young Lindorf returned to Glenfall, and insisted on occupying, for a season, the room in which his father died. His object, I afterwards learned, was to recover some valuable family papers which the old gentlemsn is believed to have secreted there. He endeavored to get some one to accompany him and aid him in the search; but I was absent, and the people about here refused to go with him, so Lindorf went up alone. His search during the day was unsuccessful, and he sent down to the village for wine, provisions and a lamp, resolute to remain through the night, in the silly belief that the veal the hiding place of the papers he was so anxious to recover."

"And were his hopes gratified!" asked Arden, with

"And were his hopes gratified !" naked Arden, with

"And were his hopes gratined? hence Areas, was a grave face.
"Noneense! how should they be! Lindorf was pretty well tired out, and at last fell asleep. The sequel to the affair was, that he came very near never waking in this world again. A severe blow upon his head struck him senseless, and if I had not returned home in the nick of time, he would probably have died there. When I heard of what he had ventured to do, and that he was still invisible at mid-day, I took a man with me and went to look after him. I found him conveyed to my house, and we nursed him until he recovered."

him conveyed to my house, an i we nursed him until he recovered."

"And the blow? Who inflicted that? A thing so real must have been produced by human agency. Was no clue to the perpetrator found?"

"None. We raised a possee of men, and made diligent search among the ruins, but we detected nothing wrong about them. The only conclusion was that supernatural power had been used against him."

"That seems to me an abourd conclusion when the man was seriously injured by something so tangible as a blow. I really think, Mr. Withers, that I shall attempt to rescue Genfall cattage from its weird reputation. I have a friend who will join me there, and I think I shall certainly remain until I have completed a serious of drawings I contemplate making from that spot. I in vite you and Mr. Higgine to visit me there, and see what progress I shall make in my undertaking. My wants are simple and easily supplied, and if my good landlady here will undertake to furnish me with a basket of cold provisions every day, I will come down for them myself and report about the doings of the goblins."

down for them myself and report about the doings of the goblins."

"Dear me, Mr. Arden," said Mrs. Higgins, "You'd better stop long o' us at nights, and only face the ghosts in the daytime. It's a mighty great ventur' you're making to stay up there by yourself."

"There would be no excitement in not being there at the 'witching time o' night.' I am desirons of seeing and hearing these goblins for myself; and I will endeavor to ascertain why they come back to try their strength on those who have never harmed them. There is some hidden mystery about the place, and you may be sure that such results as we have heard related but now are produced by people as real as you may be sure that such results as we have heard related but now are produced by people as real as either of us. Is any illicit trade carried on about here which would render the house a desirable place of rendezvous for those engaged in it!"

Mr. Withers exclaimed—

"Absurd! in this quiet nook! How can you imagine such a thing among a people remarkable for tweir rimplicity and rectitude of hife!"

"From its very seclusion designing men may have

"From its very seclusion designing men may have chosen it as least likely to be suspected. At all events, I have made up my mind to try the experiment of inhabiting the cottage. I will look at it to-morrow, and write to my friend to join me as soon as possible."

"I would advise you to ramain has then then "I would advise you to remain here, then, until your friend comes. It will be safer, and better for

Mary reasons."

Arden glanced at the speaker, and the slight perturbation of manner, which Withers could not altogether conceal, determined him to persist in his design of taking possession of the cottage in the morning. If a mystery really existed, he was by this time obstinately determined to fathom it.

## CHAPTER IV. THE OLD CRONE'S WARNING.

The young artist arose with his determination un hanged. A night's reflection had only strengthened his purpose to solve the mystery of the haunted house He sat beneath the old trees, and partoook of his breakfast, wondering within himself if he could ever give a fair transcript of this lovely valley, with its charming contracts, its exquisite blending of grandeur and beauty.

Again Mr. Higgins and his wife would have renewed the discussion of the previous evening, and dissuaded him from attempting to visit the cottage; but he gaily refused to listen to any further remonstrance, and at ast left them to pursue his way up the valley, carrying his portfolio under his arm.

He paused many times in his walk to note the pic

He paused many times in his walk to note the picturerque turns in the brook which rushed with noisy brawl to ward its bourne. The mists soon rolled away, and the hills were sharply defined in the morning air, their purple shadows contrasting with the brightness of the sparkling stream which broke into foam at their base. He at lefigth came to a rustic bridge which spanned the stream just below the fall; this seemed scarcely safe to pass, but he ventured over, and by stepping carefully, reached the other side in safety. Arden had loitered so long upon the road that the sun was shin ng brightly over the decayed roof of Glenfall cottage when he entered the enclosure that surrounded it. The story he had heard gave this yard a terrible attraction to him. He trod alowly through it, and endeavored, in imagination, to follow the path of the brethren who had clutched each other in that fearful death-struggle, seeking to picture the scene vividly bedeath-struggle, seeking to picture the scene vividly be-fore his mind, that he might reproduce it with the

fore his mind, that he might reproduce it with the power of a master.

There grew near the edge of the bluff a knarled and knotty tree which looked as if some elfin hand had twisted it out of shape in its infarcy, and nature had been unable to restore its original grace and beauty to her offspring. The rugged roots grew above the surrounding soil in many places, as if they had been at some far distant period torn from its protecting embrace; and it needed little effort of the imagination to fix on this stunted tree as the one which had sustained the elder brother while he hurled the younger to destruction upon the rocks below. etraction upon the rocks below.

Arden sat down under its shade, and arranged all the

Arden sat down under its shade, and arranged all the details of the picture be intended to paint. He made a slight pencil sketch of the siene, and then proceeded o inspect the house. This he found in a better state of preservation than he had been led to expect; and he was surprised to find that efforts had recently been made to prevent it from falling entirely to decay. The pillars that supported the portico had been carefully propped, and a rew bolt was found inside of the door. The last he accounted for by supposing that young Lindorf had placed it there as a protection against intrusion on the night of his nocturnal vigil, though from the account of Withers, it had not answered the purpose intended. The door unclosed without effort, and Arden entered

a square hall from which apartments opened on either hand. Neglect and damp had caused the paper hanghand. Neglect and damp had caused the paper hangings to peel from the walls, leaving only small fragments elinging here and there, to show that they had once represented the island of Calypso, with its gorgeous tropical scenery, and lovely nymphs.

The rooms looked as if they had been recently swept, and there was no accumulation of rubbish such as is usually found in deserted houses. A large apartment on the southern side had a bay window, from

which the whole paperams of the fair valley was objectly visible, while the seasoless flow of the waters below arose as an authem of melody to the ear. Even if the artist had wavered in his resolve to occupy the house, one glance from this window would have determined him to remain and date all the goblins could do, until he had perpetuated the scene on can-

Opposite to this was a room of large size, octagon in shape, and lighted from above by a glass dome. The alternate panels in the walls had evidently been occupied by cases for books and paintings. A few of the latter, mildewed and rotting from their frames, still occupied the place assigned them by hands long since mondered into duat; while they remained as an evidence of the refined tastes and laxurious habits of the broken hearted old man who had borne them from his English home to embellish the one he created for himself in the Now World.

After examining every nook, and finding nothing that seemed suspicious, no secret outlet leading to subterranean depths which might conceal a deadly foe, the young man slowly turned his steps toward Glenfall, with his mind filled with stirring fancies, and half-defined projects.

As he descenced the pathway leading to the insecure bridge, he found his way obstructed by an old woman who had seated herself upon the narrow cause way and completely filled it mp. It was evident to Arden that ste had placed herself there for the purpose of intercepting him, and he paused to survey her with a sort of wonder at her extreme homeliness. She was wriniled, too hless, and altoy achier repulsive; yet there was a gleam of malicious intelligence in her deep-set eyes which showed that old and worn as she seemed, the mind within still retained all the vital power it had over possessed. Her dress was of deep blue calico, and over her gray locks a strip of crimson meino was thrown, contracting strangely with the silvery hair and withort dace it shades.

"What a capital figure for one of Macheth's witches," was the thought that passed through Arden's mind, but it was speedly put to flight by the shrill, cracked voice of the woman, as juig:

"Are you the conceited youngster who expects to be allowed to sleep in peace, up at the cot yonder? Here von not been wanned of the evil that always follows those who abide under that roof? Young man, don't think that you know better than any one else, and

"Tired of life! no indeed; mine is full of hope for the future, and enjoyment in the present. Look at my elastic frame, my healthy cheek, and hearken to my cheerful voice. Do any of these bear witness to weariness of that grest boon—life!"

"Yon've a sound body, tenanted by a very unsound mind, then," retorted the crone, "or you would never think of resting beneath the roof haunted by the fell avengers of blood. Young man, you may not believe in the supennatural; but I bid you beware of again entering the Lennox cottage, if you wish to take away from this valley the light heart and untarnished name with which you entered it."

"Tush, old woman! Seek some more credulous person on whom you may impres by this pretence of

"Tush, old woman! Seek some more credulous person on whom you may impose by this pretence of second sight. I give no heed to warnings of such a nature. Let me pass! I have heard enough!"

"You won't believe me, then," she said, with a weary desperation in her voice. "You will go on the path of danger, though you are warned of the fatal consequences. Now listen to me, and if you can, give faith to my parting words. If you persist in occupying the haunted house, you will either never leave it ailve, or you will carry with yon from its walls a miserable sorrow, which will cling to you to the last hour of your life! You will mockingly ask me how I know this. I sannot tell; but still the knowledge of it is with me; and if you ask the people in Glenfall, they will tell you that old Betty Baine always fretel's that which comes to pass. Now take or refure the warning, as you may think best."

As she finished speaking, she arose slowly, moved to one side, and made way for Arden to pass. He paused a moment before doing so, and disdainfully said:

one side, and made way for Arden to pass. He paused a moment before doing so, and disdainfully said:

"It seems very singular to me that such efforts are made to prevent me from following up this fancy of mine. Who sent you to waylay me thus, and proclaim your sail procheses." your evil prophecies!"
"The spirit that is within me warned me to come t

"The spirit that is within me warned me to come to you; by no mortal's command did I come I have been sent here by a higher power than aught of earth, to reveal to you the consequence of your folly if you persist in going to the cottage; but no human voice sent me on the green path where you were to be found."

Arden Isughed in scorn at this reply, and the crone shook her finger menacingly toward him as she said:

"The foolish seeth not his own folly," was said long ago, and it is as true now as when it was first uttered. Go—I deliver you over to the mercy of the evil spirits who rule your fate. When they have dealt with you I will look on you again, either in life or in death!"

She hobbled away with the aid of a crutch, and the

She hobbled away with the aid of a crutch, and the young men went on his way, more obstinately determined than ever to follow out the plan which seemed to arouse such opposition. Recklere daring was the leading trait in his character, and an utter disbelief in the supernatural gave him a more vivid contempt for the warnings he had received than they perhaps deserved. In spite of the renewed remonstrances of the tavers-keeper and his wife, Arden remained firm to his purpose to pass the coming night at the haunted house; and a cot bedstead, his artist's chair, and a small table were conveyed to the room with the bay window, together with a Ismp and his painting materials. Old Jerry assisted Arden to arrange them, but no inducement could be offered him to remain after the sun hid sunk over the western hills. The cheerful light of that luminary seemed to the beggar a tacit defiance of

hed suck over the western hills. The cheerful light of that luminary seemed to the beggar a tacit defiance of the malice of the house fiends who availed themsolves of the night and darkness to work out their evil purposes; and, with many magivings, Jerry left the courageous stranger alone.

Arden walked about the yard until the stars were glittering in myriads in the cloudless azure of the heavens, and thought that night had never been so leavely before. He was reluctant to reënter the house, though he felt no dread of its unearthly inmates—and he believed he had taken every precaution against the intrusion of more substantial ones, by placing strong fastenings on the door leading from the room he intended to occupy.

intrusion of more substantial ones, by placing strong fastenings on the door leading from the room he intended to occupy.

At length he remembered that he must write to his consin that night, that his letter might be sent on the morrow; for, in that secluded place, the mail was only sent out twice in the course of the week. This cousin was the only near friend that he claimed on earth; the two young men had been reared by a bachelor uncle, who had recently died, and left thom, so far as they knew to the contrary, without another relative in the United States; distant consins they claimed in England, but no intercourse had ever been held with them.

By the dim light of the single lamp, the large room looked dreary and desolate enough; but Arden soon turned his thoughts completely from his surroundings, and fixed them upon the page before him. With a rapid hand he wrote. After giving an account of the old ruin, the superstitious fear with which it was regarded, and his own scheme, &c., he said:

"Fred, I would not exchange my passionate love of my beautiful art for the most brilliant fortune earth can offer; therefore you are welcome to the worldly wealth which I once thought would be equally shared between us.

"By this time the business relative to the settlement of our uncle's estate is completed, and you have come into nexassion of the handsome fortune he left.

"By this time the business relative to the settlement of our uncle's estate is completed, and you have come into pessession of the handsome fortane he left. Henceforth you can pursue your investigations without regard to expense, and this is best for us both, after all. You require this money to follow the only pursuit in which you can find happiness; while I only need good health, a light heart and a skillful hand to secomplish that for which rature designed me from my birth. We have different paths assigned us, and we must act accordingly: my uncle felt this, and so made the different paths assigned us, and we we have discrete parallel this, and so made the difference in our inheritance, which some of our friends thought so unjust. You know that I have not shared in this feeling, Fred, but felt glad that to you had been given the means of pursuing the chimerathat has taken

such rooted possession of your soul; for I know that only in following up the natural bent of the mid can happiness be found. But you must remember, dear Fred, that I never can believe in your finding out the secret of turning the baser metals into gold.

"Since I have been here I have been asked many times if I can take daguerrecty pos; and it has occurred to me, that by giving a few hours every day to that branch of art I can pay my expenses, and still reserve many hours of leisure for pursuits more congenial to my taste. Bring me an instrument for taking them, of the very best quality, and such materials as I may need.

meed.
"I have made the acquaintance of the most import "I have made the acquaintance of the most important man in the village, who has expressed a desire that. I should paint the portrait of his daughter. I have not seen the young lady, but the father is not exactly to my taste. He has been the architect of his own fortune, and it seems strange to me that a practiced man of the world should profess to share the common superstition of the country people with regard to this house being haunted. There is some game going on here. I shall write no more, as I expect you as soon as you can pack up and join me. Truly yours, "HARRY AEDEN."

CHAPTER V. AN UNACCOUNTABLE PHENOMENON.

Wearied by the exertions of the day, Arden at length threw himself upon his bed, and for several hours slept heavily. He left his lamp burning, and his letter open on the table; for in spite of the efforts made to intimidate him, he was fearless of intrusion in that secluded pot, and he had no thought that any eye save his own would rest upon the lines he had traced.

Before lying down, he examined the strong bolts he had himself put upon the door, and saw that they were in place. The windows on the side of the room, by long misuse, were so firmly imbedded in their frames that it was impossible to move them; and the bay window, which let in air and light, overhang the

window, which let in air and light, overhang the stream in such a manner that any one who attempted to enter the room through it would risk falling upon the rocks below, and being dashed to pieces.

Thue, in fancied security from intrusion, the young adventurer slept deeply for many hours. No dreams visited his pillow, but after the weary frame had sufficiently rested, the mind began to play strange antics, and the nervous sensibilities to shadow forth a weird vision which poseeseed all the vividness of reality.

Arden was conscious that he lay motionless up in his couch, and saw by the flickering light of the expiring lamp a tall figure standing over him, and waving his hand in a very mysterious manner over his brow. A sensation of coolness appeared to follow these motions, and a species of dreary languor stole over his senses. His body seemed to lose its mundane qualities, and float away in space, with a sense of delicious enjoyment such as he imagined must be felt by disembodied spirits when first conscious of being freed from the clog of mortality. Then he seemed to soar upward, and look down into the desolate room, transformed into a temple of taste and elegance. The walls were covered with gilded scroll work, enclosing medallions filled with pictures of sensuous beauty. The floor glowed with flowers of brilliant dyes, scattered over the pale azure groundwork of a rich cappet. Heavily carved furniture stood against the walls, and in the deep recess of the curtained window sat a marghty, bard-looking man, examining a bundle of papers. Upon his features was an expression of gloomy abstraction, and his thin lips were compressed with an expression of iron determination. His dress was of the fashion of a past day, and bis gray hair was dra wu back from the left one was worn a ring containing a large diamond of singular luster, and, as the hand that bore it moved nervously among the papers, the dreamer particularly noticed the antique setting of the stone. It was a wide circlet of massive gold, on which a wreach

bore it moved nervously among the papers, the dreamer particularly noticed the antique setting of the stone. It was a wide circlet of massive gold, on which a wreath of forget-me-nots were exquisitely entimeled. Suddenly a figure, whose entrance he had not observed can e gliding over the floor with notseless tread; he drew near the reader, and looked over his shoulder. As he thus leaned forward, his dark, strongly marked features seemed to glow with malignant passon. The new comer was a young man of powerful frame, and his dress was of a different era from that worn by the elder one; it was also of coarser texture and more slovenly make, and his dark hair was cut short to his head.

slovenly make, and his dark hair was cut short to his head.

After a few moments, he slowly raised his hand until it was fixed above the shoulder of the absorbed reader; then making a swift plunge, he seized the papers, triumphantly held them aloft, and waved them above his bead. The old man started up, and a fierce struggle ensued—no sound was utered, though the lipe of the two moved as if they were bitterly reviling each other. The robber bore off the papers, leaving his father, for such the resemblance between the two proclaimed him to be, lying stunned and bruised upon the floor.

Arden dimly saw two other figures flitting around the old man who seemed to raise him up and endeavoto restore him to consciousness; but his vision seemed to be violently turned from them and compelled to follow the movements of the elder brother.

By some incomprehensible power, without volition of his own, he passed in spirit from that room to the octagon one, and saw the dark-browed man eagerly examine the records he had so violently appropriated, and then search for a safe spot in which to conceal them.

Beyond this the vision seemed broken into confusad.

Beyond this the vision seemed broken into confused ragments. He was conscious of a violent effort on his own part to discover in what spot the purloiner concealed the papers, but his stalwart form seemed subscibly to fade into dimness, and the dreamer only beheld him again with distinctness as he issued from the door of the room with an expression of malignant trimpule on his fees.

umph on his face.

He was met there by his two brethren, and again a

He was met there by his two brethren, and again a fierce pantomime was acted, in which this time he did not come off conqueror. The struggle was ended by the p-le father tottering among them and throwing his feeble body between the combatants. Again the figures floated dimly before the mind of the sleeper, and he was conscious that his mind was forced to return to the doomed room—to roam around the walls in search of a cipe to the spot in which the abstracted deeds had been concealed, and a thrill of angry disappointment passed through him at sach failure.

A sudden blow was then dealt upon the side of his head, and the dreamer lay in utter unconsciousness for many hours afterward. When he at last aroused himself from this condition, the sum was shining cheerfully in the window, and on looking around he saw no change in any part of the room. There was a singular aching dizzness about his head, but this was in a measure relieved by bathing in cold water; he easily accounted for that by supposing that his late exposure to the demp air rising from the waterfall, on the previous night, had given him a slight cold.

The vivid dream which had flitted through his brain came back to him, and he half smilled as he thought this was merely the result of the tales he had histened to concerning the cottage. He began to indulge a feeling of contempt for those who had thus streament.

to concerning the cottage. He began to indulge a feeling of contempt for those who had thus attempted to play upon his fears, and an emotion of self-gratulation that he had been deaf to them all, for the scene on which his eyes rested, bathed in the clear hight of morning, was one calculated to fill his artist sent with detail.

With wrapt vision the eye of Arden roved over the With wrapt vision the eye of Arden is undulations of quiet valley and followed the graceful undulations of the rising mist as it slowly swept upward from the hillsides like clouds of incense to the god of day. The birds were filling the air with their melody, and the days undertone of the falling water formed a fit and deep undertone of the falling water formed a fit and them for the heavenly morning on which the artis

gazed.

The impulse to sketch the scene seized him, and he turned rapidly toward his table. Drawing it forward to the right position he was about to take up his portfolio, when something he saw there caused him to start back and change color. Upon the open letter he had left there the night before lay a strip of paper on which a few lines were scrawled in an almost illegible hand. With strange perplexity Arden lifted it, and read this warning: read this warning:

"You thought yourself safe, because bolts defended your door, and the only accessible window overhange in the bary hilled your door.

read this warning:—

"You thought yourself safe, because boits defended your door, and the only accessible window overhangs a precipice. How easily I might have killed you as you slept! but I forbore from considerations for your youth and daring. I command you to leave this house forthwith, and if you value life or peace of mind, you will obey; a second time be at my mercy, and you will not so lightly escape."

There was no signature, and Arden examined the writing in a state of tremulous excitement he would not have cared to acknowledge. After all his precautions had he really Isin at the mercy of a nocturnal visiter, who might be actuated by motivos of deadly hostility toward the bold favader of his haunted featin.

The above is all of this story that will be published in our columns. We give this as a sample. The outinuance of it from where it leaves off here can be ound only in the New-York Ledger, the great family aper, to which the most popular writers in the country contribute, and which is for sale at all the stores hranghout the city and country where papers are rold. Remember and ask for the New-York Ledger of March 3, which will be ready on Monday, and in it you will find the continuation of the story from where it leaves off here. If you cannot get a copy at any book store, the publisher of the Ledger win mail you copy if you will send him five cente in a letter.

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